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Will sell them for a few days for $1.00 per Garment

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The KING OF DIAMONDS

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of:
"The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.
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(Continued.)

The boy listened breathlessly. The oncomer reached his door, passed it, stopped opposite the window, and then another face peered over the curtain.

This time it was a policeman.

For an instant their eyes met in mutual astonishment. Then the policeman came so close that his helmet rested against a pane of glass. He grinned affably, and cried:

"Here! I want to speak to you."

Intuitively grasping the essential fact that his best policy was one of ready acquiescence, Philip sprang toward the door and unlocked it. He stood on the step. The constable approached.

"I hope I didn't startle you," he began, "but I just looked in on the off chance—"

"I am very glad indeed, to see you," interrupted the boy. "I am leaving here tomorrow. Just now, while I was packing some of my belongings, a very nasty-looking man came and peeped in at me in the same way as you did."

He backed into the house. The policeman half followed him, his quick glance noting the open portmanteau and its array of old clothes.

"Just now?" he questioned. "Do you men some time since?"

"No, no. Not half a minute—a few seconds ago."

"But where can he be? He hasn't left the mews, or I must have seen him. I crossed the road, and no one came out in so short a time."

"Well, he is somewhere in the place—he had a horrid appearance— a man with a broken nose. He made me jump, I can assure you."

"A man with a broken nose! By Jove, I'm looking for a party of that description. A rank wrong 'un. Robbery with violence and a few other little things. What sort of man was he? You saw his face only, I suppose?"

The constable stepped back into the paved court. A rapid twist of his hand sent a vivid beam of light dancing over ruined tenements, disheveled doorways and shattered windows.

"A tall man," said Philip, "taller than you, for I could see his chin over the string of the curtain. He had a big face, with eyes that stuck out boldly——"

"By the Lord, it's Jocky right enough!" cried the constable. "Now, where can he have got to? He's an ugly customer to tackle single-handed," he added, beneath his breath.

"Won't you wait a bit, until I get some help?" said Philip anxiously.

The man appeared to debate the point. The nearest comrade was an acting sergeant, newly promoted. If he were summoned, the kudos of a smart capture would be his right of seniority.

"No," announced the constable, stubbornly. "If he is here, I will handle him myself."

Again his lamp swept the small area of the mews and revealed no living object. He quickly unfastened his felt took off his great coat, and readjusted belt and lamp again.

"Now I'm ready for him," he grinned. "Put my coat inside, boy, and stand at the door yourself with the candle in your hand. If you see anything, yell out to me."

Philip obeyed. These preparations for a deadly struggle appealed to his very soul, for your healthy-minded boy of fifteen has generally ceased to be a highwayman or a pirate in imagination, and aims rather at planting the Union Jack on a glacis bristling with hostile cannon.

The policeman, feeling for the loose strap of his truncheon, commenced a careful survey of the mews. He had not gone five yards when there was aloud crash of broken glass. The building at the other end of the yard possessed a couple of windows facing into another inclosure at the back. Obviously, the broken-nosed "Jocky," unseen himself, had observed the constable's movements.

Realizing that discovery was imminent, he was effecting a strategic movement to the rear.

The policeman instantly abandoned his cautious tactics. He ran toward the door of the house whence the sound came. It resisted somewhat, but yielded to his shoulder. He disappeared inside. Philip, after closing his own door, also ran to the new center of interest, shielding the candle with one hand lest it should blow out.

Quick as he was, he missed the first phase of a Homeric combat. The violent "Jocky," foiled by an unnoticed iron bar in his attempt to escape, turned like a madman on the policeman. There was no sort of parley between them. Cursing the luck that had revealed his hiding place, the man, an ex-convict, with the frame of a giant, sprang at his pursuer suddenly from an inner room.

The policeman had a second's warning. It was something, but not enough to give him an advantage. He got his truncheon out, but simultaneously his assailant was on him with the ferocity of a catamount. They closed in bone-breaking endeavor, and before they were locked together for ten fearful seconds the officer of the law bitterly regretted the professional pride which sent him single-handed into this unequal strife.

For he was physically outclassed, and he knew it, and there is no more unnerving knowledge can come to a man in such a supreme moment. Nevertheless, he was a brave man, and he fought with all the resolution that is born of the consciousness of justice and moral right. But Providence is on the side of big battalions, and "Jocky" was taller, heavier, very much more active. Moreover, liberty is as potent an incentive as law any day, and law was being steadily throttled when the pale gleam of Philip's candle lit up the confines of the ruinous hovel about which the two men stamped and lurched and wrestled.

At the precise moment of the boy's entrance the policeman's knees yielded and he fell, with his remorseless antagonist uppermost. Philip, gazing at them wide-eyed, almost fell too, for his left foot rolled on the constable's staff.

Being fashioned of the stuff which founds empires—on the principle that instant action is worth a century of diplomacy—he picked up the truncheon and brought it down on "Jocky's" hard skull with such emphasis that the convict emitted a queer sort of cough, and collapsed limply on top of his conquered adversary.

Then the boy was horrified. The two lay so still that he imagined both were dead. It is one thing to help the law, but quite another to kill a man. He did not want to be a murderer as well as a millionaire, not knowing then the qualities which go to form these varieties of the genus homo are strangely alike.

He gazed at them as in a trance, but relief came when he heard them breathing stertorously. At last, after a pause that apparently endured unnumbered minutes, the constable weakly rolled himself free from the bulky form of his would-be slayer, and sat up.

He inflated his lungs vigorously. Then he managed to gasp:

"Thank you! You saved my life!"

He pressed his ribs with both hands and gingerly felt his throat. He stood up. His lamp was still alight, but a quantity of oil had run over his tunic and trousers.

"By Jove, boy, you are a brick," he said, and his voice was under control again.

Philip answered not a word; his eyes were glued on the prostrate form of Jocky. The policeman understood his fear, and laughed.

"Don't you worry about him. He'll do a stretch all right. I would have given him a harder one than that if I got a swing at him."

His words were quickly justified. The fallen man growled unintelligibly and moved. With a rapidity born of much practice the officer handcuffed him. There must have been some sense of familiarity in the touch of the bracelets, for the recipient of this delicate attention stirred uneasily.

"You knocked him silly," grinned the policeman, "but he will get his wits back in a minute or two. Can you bring him a drink of water? It won't do me any harm, either."

Philip hurried away to comply with this request. His mind was relieved now, and with the backward swing of the mental pendulum came the reflection that the least said of his connection with the case the better.

(To be Continued.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BACKACHE BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES
discontinued the use of any other medicine. The public may rely on the genuineness of this medicine. Sold only in boxes.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A LITTLE WOMAN IN WHITE.

Little girls are more than ever wearing white embroideries. The deep flouncings in bold openwork patterns are quite wide enough for knee-length skirts, which, being neither gored nor trimmed, are quickly run together. They are joined by means of a broad waistband to a low-necked, elbow-sleeved waist, which may be vertically or horizontally band trimmed. Colored sashes and hair ribbons are important details of the small woman's summer wardrobe, for they are the principal method by which she is able to relieve its whiteness.

FIRE FEAR CAUSED PANIC ON MAY QUEEN

Smouldering Oil Cloth Caused Alarm Among Passengers Although There was no Real Danger.

A piece of smoldering oilcloth, an excited crew and seventy panic striken passengers made things interesting on the steamer May Queen about 2.30 o'clock yesterday afternoon on her way down river.

The May Queen had a large number of passengers, and carried besides a considerable quantity of hay. The trouble began in the vicinity of Oak Point, near the spot where the David Weston was burned in the autumn of 1903.

A deck hand detected a smell of smoke, and, looking for the cause, found the oilcloth on the floor of the upper engine smouldering near the smoke stack. Instead of quietly smothering the flames as, it is claimed could easily have been done, he called "Fire," and alarmed the rest of the crew.

In the excitement when the hose was turned on the stream of water struck the hot smoke stack. This at once gave rise to a cloud of steam which found its way into the saloon. Its appearance threw some of the passengers into a state of terror. Some American tourists who were on board were particularly frightened, and Capt. Harvey Weston was besieged with entreaties from the women to be saved. He exerted himself to quiet matters down and in a few minutes all the trouble was over, though the shock left many of the passengers in a state of nervousness.

Capt. Weston and others on board the steamer said last evening, that there was never any real danger, and that but few of the passengers were frightened. The presence of the hay, Capt. Weston said, did not add to the danger, as pressed hay had never yet burned a boat. Moreover, the hay was all forward, and there was none near the scene of the fire.

ST. JOSEPH'S BOYS WILL ORGANIZE

Graduates of St. Joseph,s College Met Last Evening to Organize a Society.

A preliminary meeting for the purpose of organizing the graduates of St. Joseph's College, Mimramcook, into a societey, was held in the C.M.B.A. Hall last night. There were about 50 present. The suggestion to form a society was put forward by a number of graduates and has been well received.

John A. Barry was chosen chairman of the meeting and William D. Ryan secretary. Among those present was Rev. L. V. Broughall, prefect of English studies at Memramcook, who is in the city in the interests of the college, and he was called upon by the chairman to explain the object of the proposed society. There were also addresses by Dr. S. H. McDonald, Dr. E. J. Ryan, John A. Barry, John McDonald, Jr., Frank McGuire, E. J. Mahoney, William McDonald, Joseph Mooney, Harry Green, Wm. D. Ryan and others.

A committee consisting of the chairman and Doctors Ryan and McDonald were appointed to call upon His Lordship Bishop Casey and ask his sanction for the organization of the society and to invite him to accept the office of honorary president. A vote of thanks was passed to the C.M.B.A. for the use of their hall. The meeting adjourned to meet next Friday.

It is planned to have a meeting of the organization at least once a year with a banquet or some other social feature. There is such a society in connection with Notre Dame College, Indiana, the head university of the C.S.C. order, and the idea is to model the New Brunswick society along the same lines.

Before breaking up old memories of college days at Memramcook were revived and the meeting closed with the singing of the college Vivo.

One of the harvesters who left here on Wednesday evening stuck his feet out of a car window when near McAdam and another harvester, not knowing what the strange objects were, fired at them with a revolver, hitting the mark. A doctor at McAdam attended to the injured man, who was able to proceed

A RECEIVER GETS NOVA SCOTIA MINE

Biggest Gold Mine in Sister Province has Gone Into Liquidation.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 13.—The Boston Richardson Mine at Goldboro, the largest gold mine in Nova Scotia, has gone into liquidation and is now in the hands of a receiver. An application was made to the supreme court today for an order appointing a receiver and the Eastern Trust Company was appointed. The collapse of the Richardson Mine means heavy financial loss to many in Halifax, but the greater part of the mortgage bonds were held in Boston.

At the present time there is about $52,000 owing by the company on current account.

Besides this there is $59,000 owing on first mortgage bonds. Of a total capitalization of more than $500,000 about $350,000 of consolidated mortgage bonds have been issued and sold, and these will rank after the mortgage bonds.

Practically the whole of the first mortgage bonds are held in Halifax. The consolidated mortgage bonds are almost entirely held in Boston.

Probably the largest holder is Franklyn Thaytes, the president of the company, who has lost his private fortune backing running operations at Goldboro.

Another large loser is Mr. Wallace, a prominent banker and shoe manufacturer in New Hampshire. He is a close personal friend of President Thaytes and invested very largely in the mine and his loss will be heavy. Thaytes is president of the United Zinc Company of America.

SCOTCH FARMERS COMING NEXT WEEK

Party Touring Eastern Canada Will be Here on August 22nd

A change in plans involving a trip to Prince Edward Island will prevent the party of Scotch farmers, who are touring Eastern Canada as guests of the Immigration branch of the department of the interior, from reaching New Brunswick as early as was expected.

Local officials have received advices that the party would be in Fredericton on the 15th inst. and would come to St. John next week. It is now thought likely that the Scotchmen will reach here on Saturday, August 22.

Arrangements will be made for the party to travel from Chatham to Fredericton by the newly acquired branch of the Intercolonial. After visiting the capital they will go north to the great farming centres in Carleton County. Returning the visitors will take the river route from Fredericton to St. John, and from here will go by I. C. R. to Nova Scotia.

The idea of the department in organizing this trip to the farmers is that it will give them a better grasp of the resources of the country. A close acquaintance with the advantages of Eastern Canada will, it is believed, be the means of diverting immigration to the Maritime Provinces.

OBITUARY

George A. Hamilton

George A. Hamilton, son of William J. Hamilton, of 60 Harrison street, died suddenly at his home Thursday. The deceased who was 14 years of age had been an invalid for some time. Besides his father and mother, he leaves two sisters, Misses Agnes and Elizabeth, and six brothers, William, Edward, Arthur, Fred, Robert and Thomas. John H. Hamilton, of Wall street, is a half brother. The funeral, which will be private, will take place this afternoon.

Mrs. George P. Sancton entered upon her ninety-ninth year on Wednesday, and her many friends will be glad to know that she is still bright and cheerful. A large number of friends and relatives visited her on her birthday to offer congratulations, many of them taking gifts. Mrs. Sancton lives with her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Palmer, 99 Orange street.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain is congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. This tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasingly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure.

If it's painful periods with women, same cause.

If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruise your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

PLAYGROUND CLOSES TODAY

Mayor Bullock and Other Speakers Will Deliver Addresses at Centennine Play Ground This Afternoon.

The exercises in connection with the closing of the Centennial Supervised Play Grounds will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock. His Worship Mayor Bullock will address the children, and invitations have been sent to Premier Hazen and Dr. H. S. Bridges, the superintendent of schools asking them to speak.

After the formal opening the programme will be preceded by a march and flag drill by the children. Music and recitations will follow. As the children have been devoting considerable effort to the preparations the programme promises to be very interesting, and all will then be invited to the class room where the work of the children will be on exhibition. This will include fancy work, painting, basket weaving and clay modeling; all of which are excellent and reflect great credit upon teachers and children alike.

This work of the play grounds has been going on in a highly satisfactory way, and has been most encouraging to the promoters. The staff consists of Miss Miller, supervisor; Miss Baskin, assistant; Miss Fowlis, art teacher, and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, pianist.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

AT THE NICKEL

The strong vein of comedy that pervades the Nickel's new show for Friday and Saturday is of the most laughable character, but it is not all comedy. The funny pictures are the Humanovo Company's production of "The Book Agent" and a screaming thing entitled "The Runaway Cart and the Mother-in-law." Besides these features there is a strongly emotional social drama, "The Father's Fault" and a whole reel devoted to a pictorial recital of the dark deeds of the Youngers Brothers in the wild and wooly west. These pictures will be shifted about during the matinees and evenings to suit the run of the show, but all will be shown nevertheless. The assortment is new and satisfying to all classes of patrons. Miss Felix is being loudly applauded for her artistic rendering of the charming song, "Roses, Roses Everywhere," and Jack Gurney, who leaves for Portland, Me., Saturday is meeting with success in "You're My Dear Old Pal." Big bargain matinee for the women and children this afternoon and tomorrow.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE

Tonight and Saturday afternoon and evening, the Miss Petticoats Company begin a short stay at the Opera House, opening this evening when there will doubtless be a large crowd present to enjoy the play.

At Halifax and other places where the company have appeared, those who have seen the play are loud in their praise. Seats are now on sale at the box office.

BUSINESS POOR ON I. C. R.

It is expected that a large number will go from this city and province to the 150th anniversary of self government in Nova Scotia, which is to be held in Halifax, commencing Wednesday. The I. C. R. are issuing tickets from all parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia at half fare, to enable people to take in the celebration. J. B. Lambkin, assistant general passenger agent of the I. C. R., said last night that tourist business on the road was not good and that they had handled less people than was expected.

W. F. Jenks, U. S. customs officer at Houlton (Me.), is registered at the Dufferin.

Very Rev. Dean Schofield is spending a few days in the city.

Friday

AND

Saturday

WILL BE CLEARING DAYS AT

The PARISIAN STORE

47 Brussels Street

Our stock is still very heavy. It must be reduced. Every garment and article offered for sale carries with it our guarantee of high grade quality and style. Come early and secure some of the unequalled bargains we are offering.

Below is a Partial List:

Ladies' Coats and Skirts

Ladies' Short Coats, value ranging from $4.50 to $9.50.....Now $2.98 up
Ladies' Suits, all colors and styles, from $8.50 to $18.00.....Now $6.48 up
Ladies' Skirts, different styles and colors, from $2.50 to $5.00..Now $1.48 up
Ladies' Silk and Allover Lace Waists, value ranging from $3.75 to $6.50, Now $1.98 up
A lot of White Underskirts at half price.
A lot of White Lawn Waists at half price.
Girls' Skirts and Coats at half price.

Men's Clothing and Furnishing

Men's Tweed Suits, value ranging from $6.50 to $12.00.....Now $3.98 up.
Men's Working Pants.....Now 85c. up
Men's Fancy Tweed Pants, value ranging from $1.50 to $4.50..Now $1.19 up
Men's Working Shirts, all colors, from 50c. to 65c.....Now 39c.
Men's Fancy Soft Bosom Shirts, value 75c. to $1.00.....Now 48c. up
Men's Underwear for this sale.....22c. up
Men's Braces for this sale.....19c. up
Men's Hose for this sale.....3 pair for 25c.
Boys' 2-piece Suits for this sale.....$1.98 up

Remember The Time And Place

The PARISIAN STORE

47 Brussels Street

STORE OPEN EVEN ING AND SATURDAY.

This is the Man with visage grim,
You can easily see what's the matter with him;
His stomach's upset, and it's all his fault,
He needs a bottle of ABBEY'S SALT.

At Dealers'— 25c. and 60c.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Keeps the Stomach Sweet and Bowels Regular.

Your Advt. Here

Will be read by thousands every day

American Hard Coal

$5.35 to $5.75

Delivered

Put in the bin on the ground floor 25c. extra

Scotch Hard Coal

$6.15 to $6.25

put in on the groune floor free. These prices will be good for this week on all orders of two tons or more, cash with order.

Sawed Hard Wood $2.25 per load

Split Hard Wood $2.50 per load

Sawed Soft Wood $1.35 per load

Delivered

A Special Discount on all Two Ton Cash Orders of Soft Coal, including Broad Cove, Springhill and Winterport,

Order from J.S.Gibbon & Co.

6½ Charlotte Street, open evenings. or at the docks, Smythe Street, near North Wharf. Telephone 676